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IMP. HADRIAN. AUG.

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MRS. JOHN E. HUDSON

DECEMBER 1, 1900

compóse ; e debbo anche aggiungere che Adriano già da lungo tempo non godeva salute, ed era nelle mani de' medici, persuáso che non riuscirébbero a restituirlo in salute, e sentivasi anzi presso a morte, momento che certamente non è propizio alla poesia ed alla venustà dello stile.

ERASMUS BRODIE, H.M.I. OF SCHOOLS, TO THE REV. PREBENDARY PEARSON.

I have always regarded these singular five lines as quite one of the curious felicities of literature. They seem to contain a whole world of feeling in a nutshell, if we can use such a word of composition. Then they represent a remarkable man in a remarkable time. They are, I think, untranslateable ; the volatile, imaginative salts evaporate in the effort.

Your view as to the *pallidula* going with *animula* is surely correct. *

* My attention has been, within these few days, called to a very pleasing amplification of Hadrian's lines, published, with other poems, under the name of "Gerard." I quote two stanzas :—

TRANSLATIONS,

Literal and Free,

OF THE

DYING HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

trasse del veleno. Dunque era in parossismo che non poteva dargli voglia a quei concetti. Ma Sparziano che è lo storico, il quale narra la vita di quell' Imperatore, dice, che corse fama, che Adriano sul morire pronunciasse que' versi. Il perchè non può farsi conto nemmeno della situazione in cui era Adriano per tradurli a senso della situazione medesima: pur tuttavia io nella traduzione libera ho voluto accennarla, dicendo, *travagliàto fratre.*

PROFESSOR PALMER TO REV. CHARLES BOASE.

I have not attempted to preserve the iambic rhythm, because so wonderful a lightness is given to it by the use of many short syllables in the first and fourth lines, that I despaired of approaching its effect. The trochaic rhythm in English tends in the right direction. The sentiment of Adrian's lines seems to me as airy as their sound. He contrasts death with life by the use of language which (as regards the phenomena of death) is borrowed from the body only, though applied to the soul, and ends with the thought that mirth is over. I have tried to bring out his meaning as nakedly as he has expressed it himself.

MR. RUSSELL DUCKWORTH TO THE REV. PREB. PEARSON.

I am unconvinced as to *quæ* not being interrogative, and I still think that if it is relative, *in loca* would be miserably tame, unless all the adjectives following agreed with it. This you think they may do. Against this, however, why should the places be dear, little, pale, rigid, bare places, as the diminutives seem to apply? Surely Hadrian did not think that souls, having been contained in bodies, would require and receive less space in another world without their shell than with it.

My friend Mr. Whiting ingeniously suggests that Hadrian borrowed his original sentiment and some of its clothing from Catullus, in his graceful lines on the death of Lesbia's Sparrow, of which he says,

> Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
> Illuc, unde negant redire quemquam.

Hadrian's *quæ nunc abibis* certainly looks like an imitation of Catullus, who may also have furnished him with the idea of using diminutives—*Io miselle passer—turgiduli ocelli.*

THE REV. CHARLES PEARSON TO MR. JOHNSTON.

Hadrian's moral character as a man and emperor is so far from good that I cannot regard the lines as expressive of any serious religious view of the future of his soul. It strikes me as a half pathetic, half mocking expostulation with his soul on its rash and ill-considered voyage of discovery, leaving a pleasant abode, where it has been happy and jocund, to go no one knows whither. If the fourth line and its adjectives are to be construed as agreeing with *loca* I don't see that the sense of the whole is much disturbed (though I prefer making them agree with *animula*). We may, I believe, consider the diminutive forms as expressive of depreciation—poor, little, colourless, dull, wretchedly-bare places, where there cannot be any enjoyment, as contrasted with its former pleasant quarters, shadowed forth in Gray's line—

Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day.

THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH WRITES—

I have never seen a translation of Hadrian's lines that presents their tender, delicate grace, half playful, half despairing as it is. The only English equivalent I remember is part of an essay by Charles Lamb.

The Hon. George Brodrick regards the lines as a mournful *jeu d'esprit*, chiefly remarkable for the way in which Hadrian identifies himself with his body, treating his soul as a familiar spirit.

On the subject of Hadrian's character and his address to his soul, Dean Merivale, in his History, makes some interesting observations. The Dean, alluding to the authorities from which our information is almost solely derived, remarks that we may fairly doubt if the compilers were capable of understanding the greatness of any great man; and "I cannot think," he adds, "that we have the real Adrian before us; I imagine that he was really greater than he is represented, and that many of the stories to his disparagement have been invented and coloured." The Dean in another place says, "Among his last words, delivered, perhaps, in a brief interval of ease, was a playful address to his departing spirit, which, if it has attained more success than it deserves as a philosophic utterance, betrays at least no sign of the gloomy terror or remorse which haunt, no doubt, the death-bed of tyrants. . . . The force and character of this simple

ejaculation consist in its abruptness, brevity, and uncouthness, like the verses we make in a delirious dream."

Rom. Hist.

The name of Sir William Temple is so illustrious that any thing he may have written touching on Hadrian's lines may not be passed over.

In an essay upon poetry, contained in the 2nd vol. of his *Miscellanea*, he thus writes :—"After Trajan and Adrian had subdued many German and Scythian nations, on both sides of the Danube, the commerce of those barbarous people grew very frequent with the Romans; and I am apt to think that the little verses ascribed to Adrian were in imitation of the Runick poetry. The *Scythicas pati pruinas* of Florus shows their race or climate, and the first rhyme that ever I read in Latin, with little allusions of letters or syllables, is in that of Adrian at his death.

O animula, vagula, blandula,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca,
Pallidula, lurida, timidula,
Nec ut soles dabis joca.

'Tis probable the old spirit of poetry, being lost or frighted away by those long and bloody wars with such barbarous enemies, this new ghost began to appear in its room, even about that age, or else that Adrian, who affected that piece of learning as well as others, and was not able to reach the old vein, turned to a new one, which his expeditions into those countries made more allowable in an emperor, and his example recommended to others. In the time of Boetius, who lived under Theodorick, in Rome, we find the Latin poetry smell rank of this Gothic imitation, and the vein quite seared up."

This extract is not merely interesting from the greatness of the writer, but is curious from his version of the Emperor's lines.

I venture to add a few words of my own.

It is not the intrinsic merit of these celebrated lines that claims our chief attention. Whatever may be the judgment pronounced on them, it must ever be the probable temper of the Imperial mind at the hour of their utterance which

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TRANSLATIONS,

LITERAL AND FREE,

OF THE

DYING HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

Quo vadam nescio.

Appian—Pagan Epitaph.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY DAVID JOHNSTON.

For private circulation only.

BATH:

PRINTED AT THE "CHRONICLE" OFFICE, KINGSTON BUILDINGS.

MDCCCLXXVI.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF THE

EMPEROR HADRIAN.

A wish has been expressed that I should put in order a few memoranda of the life and character of the Emperor Hadrian, as an introduction to the following translations of his address to his soul while on his death-bed.

I have endeavoured to do this in as concise a form as possible, after consulting the best authorities within my reach. My object is merely to refresh the memories of those whose once familiar knowledge may have been somewhat deadened by the lapse of years, and the business of active life.

TRANSLATIONS,

Literal and Free,

OF THE

DYING HADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

When dying, Hadrian is said to have uttered the lines which form the subject of this book. On these lines Spartianus makes the following remark :—"Tales autem, nec multo meliores fecit et Græcos." Opinions are much divided as to their intrinsic merit. Some regard them as trifling and playful, some as serious and solemn, showing the belief of a future state, by a solicitude about the destiny of the soul. It has been observed that Spartianus speaks slightingly of them. Dean Merivale, a great authority, holds them to be trifling and commonplace. [12] On the other hand Casaubon controverts the opinion of Spartianus, and doubts his judgment. "Nobis vero," he says, "hi dimetri mollissimi et melioris sæculi elegantiæ dignissimi cum viderentur, etiam Græce idem fecimus Hadrianum dicere—nisi hoc potius balbutire est !"

It was long before the Senate would accord divine honours to Hadrian, but Antoninus Pius at last obtained their consent. [13]

G. S. JENKS, M.D.

[12] History of the Romans under the Empire, by Dean Merivale. vol. vii., p. 489, in a note.

[13] Acta ejus irrita fieri Senatus volebat; nec appellatus esset Divus nisi Antoninus rogasset. See also Sex. Aurelius Victor de Cæsaribus.

LETTERS, &c.

Pope to Steele.

November 7, 1712.

I was the other day in company with five or six men of some learning; where chancing to mention the famous verses which the Emperor Adrian spoke on his death-bed, they were all agreed that 'twas a piece of gaiety unworthy of that prince under those circumstances. I could not but differ from this opinion: methinks it was by no means a gay, but a very serious soliloquy to his soul at the point of its departure; in which sense I naturally took the verses at my first reading them, when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them.

"Alas, my soul! thou pleasing companion of this body, "thou fleeting thing that art now deserting it! whither art "thou flying? to what unknown scene? all trembling, "fearful and pensive? What now is become of thy former "wit and humour? Thou shalt jest and be gay no more!"

I confess I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this: 'tis the most natural and obvious reflection imaginable

to a dying man; and if we consider the Emperor was a heathen, that doubt concerning the future state of his soul will seem so far from being the effect of want of thought, that 'twas scarce reasonable he should think otherwise; not to mention that here is a plain confession included of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the rest appear not to me as expressions of levity, but rather of endearment or concern; such as we find in Catullus and the authors of *Hendeca-Syllabi* after him, where they are used to express the utmost love and tenderness for their mistresses.——If you think me right in my notion of the last words of Adrian, be pleased to insert it in the *Spectator*; if not, to suppress it.

ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM.

Ah, fleeting Spirit! wand'ring fire
That long hast warmed my tender breast,
Must thou no more this frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, cheerful guest?
Whither, ah whither art thou flying?
To what dark, undiscovered shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shiv'ring, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more.

POPE TO STEELE.

November 29, 1712.

I am sorry you published that notion about Adrian's verses as mine; had I imagined you would use my name, I should have expressed my sentiments with more modesty and diffidence. I only sent it to have your opinion, and not to publish my own, which I distrusted. But I think the supposition you draw from the notion of Adrian's being addicted to magic is a little uncharitable ("that he might fear no sort of deity, good or bad"), since in the third verse he plainly testifies his apprehension of a future state, by being solicitous whither his soul was going. As to what you mention of his using gay and ludicrous expressions, I have owned my opinion to be, that the expressions are not so, but that diminutives are so often, in the Latin tongue, used as marks of tenderness and concern.

Anima is no more than my soul, *animula* has the force of my dear soul. To say *virgo bella* is not half so endearing as *virguncula bellula;* and had Augustus only called Horace *lepidum hominem*, it had amounted to no more than that he thought him a pleasant fellow: 'twas the *homunciolum* that

V.

J. MOLLE—(from his translation of Camerarius, 1625).

Minion soul, poor wanton thing,
The body's guest, my dearest darling,
To what places art thou going?
Naked, miserable, trembling,
Reaving me of all the joy
Which by thee I did enjoy.

VI.

FONTENELLE.

Ma petite ame, ma mignonne,
Tu t'en vas donc, ma fille?—et Dieu sache ou tu vas;
Tu pars seulette, et tremblotante, Helas!
Que deviendra ton humeur folichonne?
Que deviendront tant de jolis ebats?

VII.

DR. BARCLAY (of Edinburgh).

Thou little, wandering, witching thing,
My guest, companion, on the wing!
But know'st thou where? once fled from me,
Lone, pallid, naked, cold thou'lt be,
And jest no more with sprightly glee.

VIII.

REV. DR. HUSENBETH *(Notes and Queries)*.

Little, gentle, wandering soul,
Long the body's friend and guest,
Where, escaping all control,
Wilt thou seek thy final rest?
All denuded, rigid, cold,
No more sprightly as of old.

IX.

Stay, darling soul, sweet wanderer, stay,
Ah ! whither dost thou flit away,
Leaving thy long-loved home of clay ?
The realms without are bleak and drear,
Those fields are stiff with cold, and bare.
Poor laughter-loving soul ! no mirth wilt thou
find there.

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

X.

Seelchen, du flüchtiges, zärtliches,
Gast und Gefährte des Leibes,
Wohin wirst jetzt du enteilen?
Bleich und nackt und erstarrt,
Nicht mehr scherzend wie einst!

COUNT VON USEDOM.

XI.

Ψυχίδιον ἁβρὸν ἄστατον,
Σώματι συνοίκητορ φίλε,
Ποῖ δ' οὖν σὺ νῦν ἄπει, τάλαν;
Ποίους δὲ φοιτήσεις τόπους
Νάρκων τι, γυμνὸν, ἀναίματον;
Ἀλλ' οὐ τί που σκώψει γ' ἔτι.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.

XII.

Soul rudderless, unbraced,
The body's friend and guest,
Whither away to-day?
Unsuppled, pale, dis-cased,
Dumb to thy wonted jest.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

XIII.

Animuccia, vagantuccia, morbiduccia,
Oste del corpo e suora,
Ove or farai dimora?
Palliduccia, irrigidita, svestituccia,
Non più scherzante or ora.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

XIV.

Light airy tenant of this mortal clay,
Its guest and comrade, fleeting fast away,
Dear precious Soul, ever so fond and kind,
Where wilt thou go? where now a refuge find?
Cast forth, a stranger, on some unknown shore,
Pallid, benumbed, bereaved, thou wilt no more
Joy with thy partner, as thy wont before!

REV. JAMES FORD.

XV.

Ὦ γλυκερὸν πνεῦμ', ὦ ψυχάριον,
τῶνδ' ὑπὸ σαρκῶν φίλος αὐλισδεὶς,
ὦ φοιταλέον,
ποῖ ποτε, ποῖ νῦν φῶ σ'ἀποδημεῖν;
καὶ γὰρ ἀνείμων ὠχρόν τ' ἐσιδεῖν
ναρκᾷς βρέφος ὡς ἔκβολον οἴκων
οὐδ' οἷα φιλεῖς ἔτι πάιξει.

E. M. YOUNG.

XVI.

My darling soul ! my petted stray !
That hast such wayward, winning way !
The welcome guest and loving mate
  Long of this mortal clay !
Ah ! wherefore called by cruel fate
  To unseen worlds away ?
Thy colour flown, thy gambols o'er,
  Thy vesture turned again to earth,
Thou'rt gone, and never more
  Shall ring thy jocund mirth.

THOMAS LEWIN.

XVII.

Ah, soul, thou long hast made thy home
  Here as this body's friend and guest;
But thou wast ever apt to roam
  As though, sweet soul, 'twere not thy rest;
And now, oh whither would'st thou stray?
A wan, stark ghost thou'lt pass away
Naked, alone, to some dark shore,
And cheer me with thy pleasant mirth no more.

RIGHT REV. BISHOP OF EDINBURGH.

XVIII.

Spirit fleeting, fluttering, seeing,
Friend and partner of my being,
  Tarrying yet on earth and living ;
Pallid, rigid, shalt thou roam
Sad, in shades and cheerless gloom,
  Then no longer pleasure giving.

REV. H. M. SCARTH.

XIX.

Oh, little spirit, playful, fluttering, gay,
Guest hitherto of this my body frail,
How soon, in silence, wilt thou flit away?
All mirth forsaking, naked, cold, and pale.

MISS SCARTH.

XX.

O my fondling, fleeting spirit,
  Guest in this abode of clay,
When from host and home thou partest,
  Whither wilt thou vanish ?—say,
Trembling, stark, unclothed, and friendless,
  Where thy gaiety of yore ?
Gone, poor lonely one, thy gladness !
  Hushed thy glee for evermore !

REV. NORTH PINDER.

XXI.

Μίκρη, φίλη δὲ ψυχή,
Ἔμου χάρις βιοῦ,
Τοῦ σώματος ξένος καὶ
Συνέργος οὖσα πρόσθεν,
Ποῖ ποῖ (θέλω σ' ἐρωτᾷν)
Πλανωμένη πορεύσει;
Ἄσαρκος ἤδ' ἄναιμος
Στέρρη τ' ἔσῃ, φιλίστη,
Ἔσται τε σοὶ τελευτὴ
Ἐιωθότων γελοιῶν.

REV. H. N. ELLACOMBE.

XXII.

Thou spirit frail, thou fluttering flame,
Kind guest and comrade of my frame,
  Ah ! whither wilt thou flee ?
Shalt thou, like this poor corpse, be laid
Pallid and stiff and disarrayed,
  Nor shew thy wonted glee.

REV. DR. CAZENOVE.

XXIII.

Little, gentle, restless soul,
Comrade of my frame and guest,
Whither wilt thou now away ?
Cold, stiff, naked, and no more
Jest as thou wert wont before.

PROFESSOR EDWIN PALMER.

XXIV.

Ah, wayward, winsome, little soul,
Loved comrade of this body and its guest,
Whither between heaven's high and nether pole,
Pale, starved, and naked, dost thou go, sweet soul,
Never again to cheer with merrie jest?

HON. MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

XXV.

Ψυχὴ, φίλη πλανῆτις·
Ξύνοικ', ἔνοικ' Ἐμαυτοῦ·
Πῶι νῦν πότ' ἐκπλανήσει,
Γυμνὴ σὺ κ' ὠχροειδὴς,
Τοῦ πρὶν δ' ἄτερ γέλωτος;

HON. MR. JUSTICE DENMAN.

XXVI.

Dolce alma leggiadra, vagante, tu che ospite
E fida compagna del corpo ti festi,
A quali remote regioni dell' etere
Esule andarne t' appresti?
Ignuda, raminga, pallida, gelida,
Men lieta nel nuovo ignoto ricetto,
Dovrai degli scherzi tuoi lepidi immemore,
S' metter l' usato diletto.

SIGNOR ANTONIO GALLENGA.

XXVII.

Little darling soul of mine,
  Wildly fluttering hither, thither,
Guest and comrade half divine,
  Whither art thou going, ah ! whither ?
Naked, pale and shivering, say,
Wilt thou, when thou goest away,
  There as here be blythe and gay ?

REV. PREB. BUCKLE.

XXVIII.

Sweet, cherished soul, on vague departure bent,
Guest, comrade thou of this frail tenement;
Ah, whither now thine unknown flight,
In shadowy, shivering, homeless plight?
Nor, as of yore, on sallies gay intent.

REV. E. W. L. DAVIES.

XXIX.

Fleeting, charming, darling spirit,
Body's guest and bosom friend,
Ah! what dismal pale abysmal
Deserts wilt thou now inherit,
All thy sweet mirth at an end?

GEORGE E. BUCKLE.

XXX.

Sweet soul, so vagrant, yet so well-beloved,
Dear guest and comrade hast thou been for years
Within this mortal frame; and now thou goest
I know not whither; yet I know that pale
Thou'lt wander, and all stripped of fleshly robe,
And cold as ice; and I shall hear no more
Thy wit and mirth, that wont to make me glad.

REV. THOMAS P. ROGERS.

XXXI.

Poor little stranger, coaxing soul, the body's sociable guest,
Oh! whither wilt thou fly in search of rest?
Thou shadowy, shivering, naked, little thing,
No more with jests thy merry tongue will ring.

REV. SALTREN ROGERS.

XXXII.

Soul of mine, pretty one, flitting one,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away ?
Pallid one, rigid one, naked one,
Never to play again—never to play.

VERY REV. DEAN MERIVALE.

XXXIII.

Blithe soul of mine ! thou dainty sprite !
My body's co-mate and delight,
Whither away, thou fluttering guest ?
Where, stark and pallid, make thy nest,
Unclothed, and all thy wonted jestings o'er ?

REV. WILLIAM L. NICHOLS.

XXXIV.

O animetta, sì vaga e sì graziosa,
Del corpo mio tu l' ospite e compagna,
Or moverai per lochi
Pallidi, acerbi, nudi,
Nè, qual suoli, potrai quivi far giochi.

C. ANGIOLINI CLERICETTI.

XXXV.

O animetta, sì vaga e sì piacente,
Del corpo mio tu l' ospite e compagna,
Tu, spirto mio, ch' or vai a tristi lochi
Fra squallor, rigidezza e nuditade,
Più non potrai, qual suoli, oprar tuoi giochi !

C. ANGIOLINI CLERICETTI.

XXXVI.

Spiritling, vague-looking, soft-looking,
The body's comrade and its guest,
Into what places go'st thou now,
Pale-looking, rigid and nude-looking,
And shalt not jest as is thy wont?

WM. MICHAEL ROSSETTI.

XXXVII.

Little wild and winsome sprite,
The body's guest and close ally;
To what new regions wilt thou fly?
A pale and cold and naked blight,
With all thy wonted jokes gone by.

CHARLES TURNER.

XXXVIII.

Poor little, wildered, winsome soul !
This body's partner and its guest,
Where now ? ah ! whither wilt thou wing
Thy way ? pale, naked, shivering thing,
For ever done with joke and jest.

PRINCIPAL SHAIRP.

XXXIX.

Little, vagrant, winning sprite,
Erewhile this body's guest and friend,
Into what regions dost take flight,
In wan and stark and naked plight,
Where all thy wonted quips must end ?

LORD FRANCIS HERVEY.

XL.

O anam bhìogaich, luaineich, shodalaich,
Fhir-chòmhnuidh 's a chéile mo chuim,
Cò an tìr d' am bi nise do thriall,
Glas-neulach, rag-reòdht' agus lòm ?
Cha bhi thu ri cleasachd ni 's mò.

PROFESSOR GEDDES.

XLI.

Oh, soul ! wee, fluttering, flattering
Inhabitant and spouse of my frame,
What (is) the land to which shall be now thy journey ?
Pale-hued, stiff-frozen, and unclothed,
Thou shalt be in merriment no more.

PROFESSOR GEDDES (literal translation of the above).

XLII.

My dear, little, fluttering, gentle soul,
Guest and companion of my body,
Into what places wilt thou now depart
Pale, rigid, naked?
Nor wilt thou utter pleasantries as thou art wont.

REV. CANON RYLE.

XLIII.

Poor little, fleeting, charming soul!
The guest and companion of this body,
Ah! whither dost thou now depart?
Pallid, stark and naked,
No longer shalt thou utter thy wonted pleasant wit.

REV. C. R. DAVY.

XLIV.

Sweet soul, the body's genial guest,
Co-partner in its weal and woe ;
Ah ! why, so blessing and so blest,
Not longer tarry here below ?
Why leave thy tenement a prey
To "cold obstruction"—dull decay ?

Dear dainty thing ! how wilt thou fare
On that inhospitable shore,
Where is nor sun, nor balmy air,
And earth's fair face is seen no more ?
Where cheerless memories find their home,
But mirth and laughter never come.

REV. H. B. WHITING.

XLV.

My gentle soul, my little dear,
Associate in my joy and sorrow,
Departing soul! to-day still here,
But where, oh where, when dawns to-morrow?
Feeling, yea deeply, every thought
Akin to jesting now too late;
Fearful and pallid, lonely brought
Art thou into some lonely state.

REV. G. B. PALEY.

XLVI.

Spirit blithe and gay,
Witching wanderer,
Who art gone from here
Parted from thy friend
And thy partner frail
In one sad day;
Whither now dost wend,
Stiff and stark and pale,
Far from joyous mirth
Thou did'st love on earth,
Thy still lone way?

J. D. ROGERS.

XLVII.

Ψυχίδιον αἰόλον, αἱμύλον,
ξείνη τ' ὄαρ τε σώματος,
ποῖ νῦν ποτ' οἰχήσει φυγόν,
γυμνόν, ἀμενηνόν, ἀναίματον;
φροῦδος δὲ πᾶς ὁ πρὶν γέλως.

PROFESSOR GEDDES.

XLVIII.

Thou wanton, winsome elf, my Soul,
Guest and companion to this frame,
Whither away?—to what strange goal?
Thus pale and palsied, shivering, lone,
With all thy quips and frolics gone.

PROFESSOR GEDDES.

XLIX.

Spirit, the nimble, the debonair,
Of body the guest and wayfellow,
What country must you now visit ?
Haggardly, chillily, nakedly,
No more to call your glee to mind.

C. B. CAYLEY.

L.

Sweet soul, flitting soul,
Thou the body's mate and guest,
Whither, little naked sprite,
Wilt away, so stark and white,
Ending all thy mirthful jest ?

REV. EDWARD R. BERNARD.

LI.

Little soul, thou little wanderer,
  Of my frame the charming guest,
Thou companion of my body,
  Where hereafter is thy rest?
Whither wilt thou now be going,
  Little pale one, stiff and cold?
Hushed are now those pleasant fancies
  Which thou didst give forth of old.

HERBERT E. RYLE.

LII.

Fond, fluttering sprite,
  This body's sweet familiar guest,
  Ah ! on what quest
And whither, stripped, stark, wan,
Wendest thou forth, thy wonted wit all gone ?

REV. PREB. HEDGELAND.

LIII.

Dainty, little, airy sprite,
Guest and comrade mine on earth,
  Whither art thou flitting now ?
Disembodied, calm and white,
Reft of all thy wonted mirth.

ROBERT MEYRICK HOVENDEN.

LIV.

Ah, thou flighty, thou fondling, little elf of a soul,
Body's inmate and partner, making life whole;
What places be they
Whither now thou'lt away?
All so bleaksome and grim, uncheerily bare,
Thou'lt sport never more thine old comical air.

REV. JOHN EARLE.

LV.

Pretty, trembling, little sprite,
Guest and partner of my clay,
Whither wilt thou hie away?
Coloured, warmed, and clothed no more,
All thy wonted mirth is o'er.

REV. CHARLES W. BOASE.

LVI.

Dear soul, thou vagrant promise sweet,
  This body's guest and friend,
Now to what regions wilt thou fleet,
  And where thy journey end ?
All bare, and shuddering, wan, and chill, and lone,
Thy jests and old conceits for ever gone ?

REV. CANON BERNARD.

LVII.

Whither thy flight, wandering, darling soul ?
Comrade and guest whilome in house of clay,
Ah ! to a realm, death-pale and chill and bare,
Merry no more, now wilt thou wend thy way.

THOMAS A. STEWART.

LVIII.

Sweet Soul, in tender joy possest,
  Through life my true abiding friend,
My body's loved and loving guest,
  Must then our fond communion end ?
Into what realms, to mental eye
  Or mystery of thought unknown,
Trembling and fluttering, wilt thou fly,
  Disrobed and cheerless, cold and lone ?
Weaving thy fancies now no more
As in the pleasant days of yore.

D. JOHNSTON.

LIX.

My soul, so apt to stray
Where pleasure leads the way!
So bland erstwhile and gay,
And of this mortal clay
  The jocund mate and guest,
Whither dost now depart
To regions far away?
Pale, rigid, nude thou art,
And canst no more impart
  Thy mirth-inspiring jest.

THOMAS LEWIN.

LX.

Fond, kindly soul, thro' death's portal
Wandering aimless away,
Leaving the body thy mortal
Comrade and host to decay;
Lonely to far distant places,
Pallid and naked thou'lt flit,
Heedless of old loving faces,
Charming no more with thy wit.

FREDERICK LEWIN.

LXI.

Oh, animuccia, errante, vezzosetta,
Ospite e compagna del corpo,
Che ora te ne andrai per luoghi
Squallidetti, rigidi, alquanto nudi,
E, come suoli, più non scherzerai.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE D. PINELLI, DI ROMA.

LXII.

Oh, animetta vezzosetta, che aleggiando vai intorno intorno, già ospite e compagna di travagliato frate, e che ora ti incamminerai per luoghi tutti squallidi, freddi, freddi, e spogli d' ogni più piccolo addobbo, mai più non ti potrai trastullare come finora sei stata solita di trastularti.

SIGNOR GIUSEPPE D. PINELLI, DI ROMA.

LXIII.

Anamain bhig, a dheò mo bhith !
'S fhad o'n 'tha sinn còmhla cairdeil ;
Cionnus, ma 's mithich triall, an d' théid thu,
On 's éiginn duit an còm so fhagail ?
Iargaineach, air bhall-chrith, truagh thu ;
Cha dèan thu tuille uaill no àbhachd.

REV. ALEXANDER STEWART.

LXIV.

Little soul, breath of my existence,
Long hast thou been with me in friendly companionship,
Whither, if the time has arisen for thee to leave me, meanest thou to go,
Now departing from companionship with my body ?
Cheerless, trembling and sad,
No longer lightsome, glad and gay.

REV. A. STEWART (literal translation of the above).

LXV.

Seele, gemüthliche, Schwärmerin,
Gefährtin du und Körpers' Gast,
An welche Orte fährst du hin ?
Bleich, starr, gelös't von Leibes Last,
Dein alter Brauch, von Scherz vorbei.

E. S. PEARSON.

XLVI.

Spirit, thou wanderer loveliest,
Guest and companion of this frame,
To what new regions tendest thou ?
Pale, stark, thrown off thine earthly vest,
Thy wonted quips all ended now.

E. S. PEARSON.

LXVII.

Weakly spirit, wandering at times,
  Some of thy charms yet left,
Still my companion-guest awhile,
  Soon elsewhere shalt thou flit;
Pallid and rigid in thy rest,
  Bereft of joy thou once possest,
No more with me to share thy jest,
  My soul!

JONATHAN RASHLEIGH.

LXVIII.

Restless, flitting, still endearing
Soul of mine—the body cheering,
  Guest and comrade on life's way;
Whither—thine old haunt forsaking
With thy wit and merry-making,
  Cold and naked wilt thou stray?

REV. THOMAS P. ROGERS.

LXIX.

My pretty soul, my minion!
  My body's friend and guest!
Borne on thy vagrant pinion,
  Where seekest thou thy rest?
I see thee naked, stiff, and wan,
Thy humour changed, thy mirth all gone.

RIGHT REV. LORD BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS.

LXX.

Ah, poor little soul! gentle wanderer, say,
At home in the body my partner and guest,
Pale, rigid and naked from me far away,
Nor longer permitted to utter a jest,
Where now will you find a fit place for your rest?

H. C. BARLOW.

LXXI.

Thou little vagrant soul, thou gracious thing,
A guest to whom the body fain would cling,
Say—whither doth thy doubtful journey tend?
A pale, cold wanderer, naked, without friend,
Must all thy wonted drollery thus end?

REV. H. N. WARD.

LXXII.

Oh, loving Soul, my own so tenderly,
My life's companion and my body's guest,
To what new realms, poor flutterer, wilt thou fly?
Cheerless, disrobed, and cold in thy lone quest,
Hushed thy sweet fancies, mute thy wonted jest.

D. JOHNSTON.

LXXIII.

Fond, fleeting, wayward spirit! tenant long,
And comrade of this mortal clay,
Say, whither art thou bound?—to what new realms
Dost wing thy way?
Pale, stark, unclothed, and quenched in silence now
Thy wonted humours gay.

G. K. RICKARDS.

LXXIV.

Oh, dainty wavering sprite so fond and dear,
  Guest and companion of this mortal clay,
Into what region now or far or near
  Wilt thou depart upon thy lonely way?
All naked and benumbed and wan and drear,
  No longer as of old jocose and gay.

REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.

LXXV.

My little gentle soul—my fluttering sprite,
  Guest and companion of this mortal clay,
Into what region dost thou wing thy flight
So wan, so bare, so rigid with affright?
  Ah! never more to jest or play.

REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.

LXXVI.

O, little guest too shy for sense or sight,
So wayward, fanciful, and yet so dear,
Where next wilt rest thee on thy spectral flight?
Where mope in dismal silence, stark and sere?
I gave thee for thy dwelling place my heart,
And for thy chamber yielded up my brain,
Assign a trysting spot before we part,
That we may not have comraded in vain.

HENRY JULIAN HUNTER.

LXXVII.

Endearing soul, unhappy wanderer, stay;
My body's friend and guest from day to day,
What fearful doom will end thy forlorn flight?
Perchance the doleful realm of endless night!
Pallid and woebegone, naked, distrest,
There none will cheer thy wonted playful jest.

GEORGE S. JENKS.

LXXVIII.

Pretty spirit, tiny fleeting flame,
Guest and partner of my earthly frame,
Whither passest thou away?
Pale one, stark, unclothed—never more
Sparkling now with joy as heretofore.

REV. R. MALONE.

LXXIX.

Say, fleeting Spirit, gentle, dear,
The body's guest and comrade here,
Whither, Oh whither, now away ?
Into what regions wilt thou stray ?
Pale, numb, and desolate ; no more
To jest and trifle, as before.

REV. JAMES FORD.

LXXX.

Where, oh my soul, my darling, art going,
Poor little wanderer, all unknowing ?
Comrade and guest of the body, thou'rt leaving
Naked now, shivering, pale and grieving,
No more sprightly fancies weaving.

HENRY DUNCAN SKRINE.

LXXXI.

Truant, petted, darling soul!
Long this frame's familiar guest,
Must thou go? at what strange goal,
Wilt thou find a sheltering nest?
Wan, listless, disapparelled, phantom thing,
There never more thy wonted mirth will ring!

REV. CHARLES PEARSON.

LXXXII.

Wandering, shrinking, loving soul,
Stranger-inmate of my breast,
Why wilt seek death's bitter dole?
Homeless, chill, and ill at rest,
Granting no more the boon of wonted jest.

WM. LEONARD COURTNEY.

LXXXIII.

Little, charming, fluttering soul,
My body's guest and oldest friend,
What strange abode doth thee enfold,
Ah, whither do thy wanderings tend?
Trembling, naked, shivering, cold,
Thou from thy old ally hast gone;
No more thou'lt prattle as of old,
Thy wit all past, thy jokes all done.

W. R. K.

LXXXIV.

Whither, poor restless guest, poor playmate fond,
Poor soul, from out thy clay?
Whither, poor, wan, stark, homeless thing, so far
From wonted quips and cranks away?

E. CALVERT.

LXXXV.

My darling little soul! as to and fro
You wander from my body, once your host,
And boon companion too, I fain would know
Into what countries strange you now will go?
Rigid you now will be and pallid as a ghost,
Unclothed and sad, I fear, my little friend,
Thy pleasant humours gone, thy wonted jokes at end.

REV. H. N. ELLACOMBE.

LXXXVI.

Dear wandering Soul, my body's genial guest,
And loved companion, from that homely nest
Exiled, what regions wilt thou soon survey?
Denuded, pallid, stern, thou'lt take thy way,
Nor more, as erst, wilt join in converse light and gay.

MISS A. B. ROWLANDSON.

LXXXVII.

Little spirit, roving,
Comrade sweet and loving,
Guest of clay;
Chill and stark and wan,
Mirth and laughter gone,
Whither away?

PERCY J. M. ROGERS.

LXXXVIII.

Pleasant spirit, home forsaking,
  Guest and cherished friend to-day,
  Whither art thou bent, now say,
Timid, trembling, with thee taking
  All the joy of life away?

FREDERICK E. HUNTER.

LXXXIX.

Ah, playful, kindly spirit,
My body's friend and guest,
Where be the unknown fields
Thou now wilt seek for rest,
Perhaps to roam in some lone glade,
For aye a wan and joyless shade?

ANDREW COVENTRY.

XC.

Soul of mine, dear fluttering pet,
Bodiless—*sans* friend and host—
Ah, whither! ah, whither! dost post?
Poor shivering, stiff and stark ghost,
Nor a joke from thee more may I get.

ERASMUS H. BRODIE.

XCI.

Spirit, wayward, gentle, fine,
Guest-friend of this frame of mine,
To what realms thou now retreatest
Tell me? wan thou growest, and cold,
Nor, my Spirit, as of old
In my ear glad things repeatest.

THOMAS HUGHES.

XCII.

Poor fond and wayward soul of mine,
This body's mate and guest divine,
Ah ! whither shalt thou roam ?
Now sadly pale, and stiff, and bare,
Thy wonted jest forbidden there
Where next must be thy home.

HON. G. C. BRODRICK.

XCIII.

Fluttering, flattering soul of mine,
Till now the body's mate and guest,
Ah ! whither dost thou wing thy way,
Pallid, and rigid, and stript of array,
And rife no more with sparkling jest ?

FRED. T. PEARSON.

XCIV.

Poor ghost, my body's friend and guest
  Erewhile, thou leav'st thy home;
To what uncertain place of rest
  A wanderer dost thou roam?
Pale, cold, and naked, henceforth to forego
Thy jests among the sullen shades below.

REV. C. G. LANE.

XCV.

Soul of mine, humoursome, blythe little Soul,
  Wont in the body to stay, with it to play,
  Now to what regions art thou travelling away?
Pale, little, paralysed, lone, little Soul,
  All thy old pleasantries fallen silent for aye.

R. R.

XCVI.

Dear soul, now roaming at thy will,
So full of pleasant thoughts, while still
The body's friend and guest,
Must thou with it depart to gloom,
Pale, stiff, and bare within the tomb,
Nor prompt the wonted jest ?

VERY REV. DEAN MONTGOMERY.

XCVII.

My own dear soul that warm'st this clay,
The body's guest and comrade gay,
To what new realms would'st thou repair ?
Pallid, and cheerless, chill and bare ;
Must I lie down, a clod of earth,
And thou for ever cease thy mirth ?

LORD NEAVES.

XCVIII.

Belovèd, vagrant, tender thing,
  Inmate and mate of this poor home,
Ah ! too untimely wandering,
  Tell me, my soul, where wilt thou roam !
Ah ! with what naked, shuddering flight,
Through chilling regions of dread night,
Thou hurriest forlorn of beauty and delight !

MORTON LUCE.

XCIX.

Alas ! dear wistful wandering soul,
My body's friend and guest !
Thou pallid, naked, shivering thing !
Ah, whither art thou hastening ?
  Ah, where, as erst, thy jest ?

REV. C. W. STUBBS.

C.

Fluttering, fondling, gentle sprite,
My body's comrade, friend, and guest,
Whither bendest now thy flight?
Vital warmth and colour flown,
Thou goest, naked and alone,
Nor carest more for wonted jest.

PROFESSOR BLACK.

CI.

Gentle spirit, ne'er at rest,
Body's tender friend and guest,
Who to deserts pale and frore
Now wilt go, thereto no more
Thy wonted jest to give.

G. E. PIERCE TAYLOR.

CII.

Soul of mine, that may'st not rest
Where thou cam'st, a joyous guest,
  This mortal frame within ;
Long its fellow-traveller thou
Through this world hast been, but now
  Thy wandering must begin ;
Leave the bright, glad life of old,
Go stiff, naked, pallid, cold—
  What other home to win ?

W. P. BROOKE.

CIII.

Dear little soul,
Why wilt thou roam?
Long hast thou found
In me a home.
Numb, pale, and naked, whither fly
From my companionship, and why?
Thy merry jests no more shall ring—
And must thou leave me, little thing?

RUSSELL DUCKWORTH.

CIV.

Dear Soul! thou sportive, winsome thing,
That shar'st my frame, thy present home!
But what thy bourn when thou unhoused,
Bloodless, and stark, and stiff shalt roam,
Nor any more thy jokes shall fling?

JOHN FORBES WHITE.

CV.

Ah soul, so airy, dear and dainty,
My body's guest and choicest friend,
To what strange places will you wander,
All pallid, stiff, and bare out yonder,
Where all your wonted jests must end.

FRED. A. DIXON.

CVI.

My soul, my life, ah! whither art thou fleeing,
With plaintive, wailing voice, yet lovingly?
Dear guest and partner of my body's being,
Whither, to what mysterious realms, all seeing
Yet bodiless, and lonely, wilt thou fly
Pallid and shivering; now to speak no more
Thy fancy's merry words, as heretofore?

CHARLES BARHAM.

CVII.

Wandering, gentle little sprite,
Guest of my body and its friend,
  Whither now
  Goest thou?
Pale, and stiff, and naked quite,
All thy jests are at an end.

W. A. S. BENSON.

CVIII.

Oh! soul of mine, so wayward, fond,
My body's guest, my body's mate,
Who now alone dost fare beyond
Bright earth to regions desolate,
Cold-bound and spectral—as of yore
Thou makest merriment no more.

H. B. BAILDON.

CIX.

Thou us'd with me to dwell,
To roam, to sport, so bright!
But now, why stiff? why pale?
Why cast me off, for flight?

"MORIBUNDUS."

CX.

Frail spirit-life, sweet, winning guest,
That ever lov'st to roam,
Within this frame thou sojournest,
Yet hast not there a home.
Whither henceforth shall be thy flight,
So bare and stark and wan,
With all thy merry sallies bright,
And wonted laughter gone?

G. PRESTON.

CXI.

Oh, soul, how slight thy tenure *here !*
Thy voice so faint and yet so clear,
The body's gentle guest and friend !
To what new regions dost thou wend ?
Oh, so pale, so cold, so bare !
Thy wit and laughter hushed are *there.*

REV. J. CURGENVEN.

CXII.

Little wand'rer, soul of mine,
That dost within the body stay,
Now thy dwelling-place is gone,
Whither wilt thou go away,
Pale, defenceless, stiff and chill ?
Hush'd is thy wonted voice and still.

JAMES DUFF.

CXIII.

O, meine Seele, die Du davon eilst, liebliche Freundin und Gefährtin meines Körpers! Wohin wanderst Du nun? Nach öden, furchtbaren und starren Regionen; ach, nun nicht länger der heitere, holde Gast!

FRIEDRICH SCHENCK.

CXIV.

Ô, mon âme, qui t'en vas, chère amie et compagne de mon corps! Où vas-tu? Aux régions désolées terribles et dévastées; ah! seras-tu joyeuse et gracieuse comme tu as coutume de l'être ici?

ADÈLE SCHENCK.

CXV.

Fleeting, fondling, fairy sprite,
Claspt so long in mortal clay,
Where the regions of thy flight?
Poor pale, stark, disrobed one,
All thy merry jests are done.

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON.

CXVI.

My Spirit, soft and fair,
Hov'ring 'tween earth and air,
What resting-spot is now thy quest,
My body's comrade-guest?
Where dost thou wing thy way,
Pale, stark, in disarray?
No longer, as in days of old,
Shall thy bright wit be told.

J. B. MEDLEY.

PRINTED AT THE "CHRONICLE" OFFICE, BATH.

3 2044 017 966 664

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